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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TEXT FROM ZACHARIAH: "AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

The Beautiful Evening That Descends Upon the Christian's Life of Toil—Calms and Glory of the Closing Hour—Darkness Swept Away.

(Copyright, 1902, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Feb. 9.—In this subject Dr. Talmage puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon the passages of life that are usually thought to be somewhat gloomy; text, Zachariah xiv., 7, "At evening time it shall be light."

When "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. Such nights the sailor blesses from the fore-castle, and the traveler on the road, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast toward which I hope we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming, glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows of old age, of the world's history of the Christian life. "At evening time it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rises high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickaxe struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent, and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled its value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the band of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calamities! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company exploded! "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano? How much for this library? How much for this family picture? How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going—going—gone!" Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing, and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone? Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventide it was light. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite luster. The night blooming assurance of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted!" cried David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away!" exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!" exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventide it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

How men and women will not. They

They say they are twenty, but they are thirty. They say they are sixty, but they are eighty. Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At eventide it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock, 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock, 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon; the warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock, 10 o'clock! The heavy dews are falling, the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock, 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At eventide it is light. Light.

Again, my text shall find fulfillment in the latter day of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprosy and putrid. It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes, flashing up and down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under ten thousand broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven-descending charities; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up; "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell, and silk-worm's thread, and brown thrasher's wing, and shell's tinge, and manufacturer's shuttle, and chemist's laboratory, and king's scepter, and nation's Magna Charter. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of earth's lamentations has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine-strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds touching the keys and Euroclydon's foot on the pedal.

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field; the heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflicts are cool; the glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventide it is light—light!

Finally my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is, and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and the death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other she touches a grave.

I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with a black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventide it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces there dashes upon us

the shutters and let the sun in," said dying Scoville McCullum, one of my Sabbath school boys. "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in." You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith!"

Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried, "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome death! Welcome, glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battlerang rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young; she touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the pained Christian begins to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst, weeping men no more to weep, dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenchantment! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting, "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the garbure of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen it; your ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology—but ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the antheims ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou fallest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "Thy password." They say, "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever.

Ah, do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of the night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down-flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light!" Coming nearer the expiring moment he exclaimed with illuminated countenance, "Light!" In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!"

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Raising Oats in Central Illinois.

From Farmers' Review: Here in central Illinois we cannot count with certainty on a good crop of oats every year. Proper climatic conditions we do not always have. While we never have a complete failure of the crop in the early part of the season it is often too wet and the grain cannot be sown in time, or, if it is sown in time, it makes in those seasons too rank a growth, especially on flat lands, and falls or lodges before the heads are produced, or becomes infected with rust. Then May and June are sometimes very dry and very hot months and unfavorable to the proper filling of the heads which are then forming; or, worse yet, there may be a lack of moisture all through the growing season, as was the case the past season when very many fields of oats did not yield more than 15 or 20 bushels to the acre.

Last season my oats yielded 60 bushels per acre and the reason why I have generally succeeded in raising good crops is that I try to be ready to circumvent old Mother Nature when she is in her bad moods. To begin with, I do not try to farm all creation. I am satisfied to crop less acres and do my work better. I do not plan to sow so many acres that I must begin to plow before the soil is in fit condition to be turned. If possible, I wait till it will crumble under the plow. I realize full well that it is very bad policy either to plow or harrow land that is too wet, for wherever the work horse plants his feet the soil becomes so hard that the tiny root fibers can hardly penetrate it and in a time of drought soon parts with its moisture.

Then where the natural drainage is not satisfactory, I have put in tile drains and the season must be very wet indeed when oats will not grow on well-drained land; and if the rainfall is lacking, my ground, which has been thoroughly broken with small plows, if cloudy, or rough harrowed before sowing, then harrowed two or three times after sowing, and rolled right away if dry enough, will retain nearly all the moisture it had to begin with and the seed in its fine, mellow, moist bed will do fairly well despite the most unfavorable after conditions.

I do not raise corn on my land till its fertility is exhausted, and then sow to oats, expecting to raise a crop. My land must always be lively and reasonably fertile. I never allow it to become poor. The seed I sow broadcast, using a seeder attached to the rear end of a wagon and always do the driving myself. If the wind is blowing I am careful that I do not get the seed too thick in some places and leave streaks in others. I put on from three to three and a half bushels by weight of good, clean seed to the acre, and want it so evenly distributed that I cannot put my foot on the ground without touching an oat, that is, before they are covered.—J. B. Friable, Jr., Adams County, Illinois.

Points on Celery.

The culture of celery has spread over all the United States. Originally it was a mere garden crop, being grown in very small quantities. Now, however, its culture has so extended that it may be considered both a garden and a field crop. It is grown from Maine to Louisiana and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No less than twenty-six stations have made experiments with it and reported results in bulletins. Its first culture began near New York in 1853, and Peter Henderson was one of the first growers.

This plant grows wild in England and some parts of Europe. It has generally been supposed that celery was not cultivated till this century, but this is declared to be a mistake. It is declared that its cultivation dates back at least two thousand years, though it was used only as a medicinal herb principally. Not till the century that just closed did it become a common garden vegetable. The plant has been developed in two ways: in one, the bottom has been enlarged into a turnip-like root. This is eaten by Europeans under the name of celeriac. In the other development the stalk has been rendered large and tender, and this is the form in which we know it in this country.

The land largely used for the growing of celery in this country is reclaimed swamp and marsh land. This gives a rich, deep, loose soil, just suited to celery. Such lands can be used only when thoroughly drained. Here it makes a larger growth than on the uplands, but the plant grown on the uplands is frequently of better flavor. The time of seed sowing depends on when the celery is wanted for use. To get an early crop seed can be sown in the house as early as February. The soil in best condition for

plants begin to appear they should be gradually accustomed to the light. It is better to transplant them once or twice before removing them to the open garden.

The soil must be made rich, if good results are expected. The plant foods most used are nitrogen and potash. When the plants are about ten inches high, the celery that is wanted for fall use should be banked up to blanch it, and this operation should be repeated as the tops grow. The celery intended for winter storing should be earthed sufficiently to induce the stalks to grow upright.

Apple-Growing in Southern Illinois.

From Farmers' Review: Southern Illinois apple growers did a great deal of spraying the past season, probably more than for any three seasons before, and yet on some points they are in doubt as to practical results. Those who have tried dust spray are not agreed as to its efficacy, or whether they will try the method again. Dust is difficult to apply so it will stay on the tree in sufficient quantities to be effective, from its liability to float off in all directions, excepting towards the tree. Of the liquid sprays there are many formulas and differences of opinion as to which have given best results. Some sprayers even express doubts as to advantages of spraying at all.

In some orchards beautiful and perfect apples have been grown without even an attempt at spraying, while in others that have been well and carefully sprayed the fruit has not all been satisfactory. The true state of the situation must be somewhere between these extreme opinions. "One swallow does not make a summer," so one season's spraying might not make a perfect crop of fruit if following years of neglect. If an orchard has become seeded down to insects through a series of years it is asking too much that this should be corrected by one season's spraying. Then it has not been a season when spraying was as necessary as other years. The weather was warm and dry, insects not as numerous or destructive as usual. Consequently it has been difficult to determine just what benefit has been gained by spraying.

In my own case some varieties have been perfectly satisfactory, while others have not been exempt from insect marks. But in this end of the state the codling moth is not as harmful as the apple curculio; this the entomologists say is nearly immune from spraying poisons. With me the Duchess was not so greatly benefited by spraying as other varieties. Perhaps next season's spraying will begin to tell more effectively. There is a growing tendency among our apple men to give better care to their trees by way of cultivation, trimming and spraying; thinning of fruit as yet is not greatly practiced. There is also a seeking for better varieties, and while Ben Davis and its class are not being discarded, yet the better Jonathan, Grimes Golden and Minkler are finding a place in the new plantings.

Among the earlier, the Yellow Transparent is dropping out. It is a delicate shipper and the tree a bad blighter, and in course of time will drop out of the list here, as have Buckingham, Early Harvest and Red Astrachan, which are practically extinct.—T. E. Goodrich, Union County, Illinois.

The Day of Horns Is Passing.

From Farmers' Review: Day before yesterday we dehorned nine yearlings. The weather was mild and the animals did not bleed badly. The operation was performed skillfully and quietly in a warm stable. Yesterday morning we found the best steer, a grade shorthorn, as they all were, dead. This is the second loss of this kind that I have met from dehorning, and it is about one per cent of animals dehorned for ourselves. We have the "Brosius" clippers, probably as good as any, and have dehorned a good many cattle for farmers around without any loss to them that I know of. I am very much in favor of dehorning when necessary, but believe that in every case where it is possible it should be done on calves, and if not then, as soon afterwards as weather and other circumstances permit. Performed on large animals, it is unavoidably a hard process and somewhat dangerous. It is true that a short stubby growth often appears after early dehorning, but while not exactly pretty, it does no particular harm. It is a satisfaction to see that the day of horns is rapidly passing. I think we were the first to use the saw in this part of the country, but now more than one-half the cattle one sees are hornless and many farmers are destroying the horns before their growth on the young calves.—S. W. Gibson, Eaton Co., Mich.

Potatoes were first cultivated on what is now the border of Peru and Chile in the Andes Mountains.

California has over 157,000 acres in grapes.

Horticultural Observations.

At the last meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society President Dunlap made the remark that he had just visited the meeting of the Central Horticultural Society held 200 miles away, and had picked up points that would be worth hundreds of dollars to him the coming year. This shows the value of these meetings to the fruit growers. Mr. Dunlap is a veteran in fruit growing and has been attending horticultural meetings for a good part of his life. Yet he finds each meeting valuable. Now, if he needs to attend such conventions, what can be said of the ordinary fruit grower who never attended such a meeting in his life? It is astonishing that more fruit raisers do not make an effort to be present at these meetings.

With the approach of spring men are thinking about the work to be done in the garden and orchards. Not the least important is the transplanting of trees and plants. In this work one thing should not be forgotten and that is to keep the roots moist while out of the ground. There are some trees and plants that may not be injured greatly by having the roots dry out, but so many are injured that it is safe to keep the roots of all moist. Many times strawberry plants are dug and allowed to lie exposed to the wind and sun. The roots become thoroughly dry. When they are replanted the planter wonders why they do not grow. With evergreen trees dry roots are fatal. The rootlets exude a gummy substance that dries with the drying roots. When replanted this gummy substance prevents all action of water on the roots. In the transplanting of evergreens therefore dry roots should be especially avoided.

We are pleased to see the growth of sentiment in favor of the use of boxes in the packing and marketing of apples. We believe that this will greatly increase the consumption of that fruit. California has set the style on this and some of the states east of the Rocky Mountains are rapidly following the example of that state. The orchardists of Colorado are using boxes in large numbers. The fruit raisers there to some extent get the benefit of the reputation California has built up, for the eastern buyers do not stop to distinguish between Colorado and California apples, so long as they are in boxes. Up to the present time, however, only the fancy fruit is thus packed, the poorer grades going in barrels. It would doubtless, however, be an advantage to the buyers to have all apples in boxes.

Mixed Grains for Dairy Cows.

From Farmers' Review: I moved onto the farm where I now reside, adjoining the limits of Owasso, about nine years ago. Prior to that I had resided in the city, so that while here my work has been mostly to find a method that would be paying and permanent, as raising grain and marketing direct did not give me profit, and four years last November, after investigating the various farm industries presented I bought 17 cows and started these as an experiment for profit or loss. The first winter I fed corn and oats mixed and ground with fair, but not satisfactory, results. During the winter or spring I saw the statement in an agricultural paper where a man had raised 105 bu. millet and buckwheat on three acres and gave it much prize as a crop and for feed. The following spring I sowed 15 acres of the above grains mixed and have done so every season since, not failing to have a good crop every year.

The millet assists in holding the buckwheat up to ripen and in so doing I cut with blinder and harvest with same treatment as wheat and oats, also truss the same. Then if cut a little on the green side the straw of both makes excellent fodder for stock. In my first feeding I found the grain (oats and corn) too strong for milch cows. Then I mixed corn, oats, millet and buckwheat and at once noted an increase of milk and have so fed since with the exception of very short intervals, feeling assured that milch cows require several kinds of grain mixed and fed together and that buckwheat is a kind that increases the flow of milk. I try to have the above grains about one-quarter each in feeding.

I am wintering 21 milch cows, and sell the milk to factory. Only a part in milking now (9 to calf within next 90 days) and those milking will bring me a return this month of nearly \$100. All the cows have been fed on grain as herein stated—hay and cornstalks for fodder, grain twice each day and salted each time when fed grain. I should state that I sow usually the last week in June, mixing the grains, 6 quarts millet to 18 quarts buckwheat per acre. The grains can be separated after threshing, through a fanning mill as readily as corn and buckwheat can be. These grains ripen in same time.—C. E. Hershey, Shiawassee County, Michigan.

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Charity is but one of the